The Wishful Self
by
Pearce Bailey, M. D.

Hv 2330
B

Scribner, July 1915

HV2330
B
cop.1

Scribner, July 1915 c.1

THE WISHFUL SELF

By Pearce Bailey, M.D.

ONE morning in the summer of 1912, a robust factory employee woke up blind. He never had had any trouble with his eyes, and had worked full time the day before, as indeed he had for the past fourteen years, without missing a day. From the first he was under the care of skilled ophthalmologists who examined him frequently and under different conditions, but who prescribed no remedies, as they could find no disorder to remedy. The whole ocular apparatuses—pupils, lenses, muscles, and optic nerves—were, they said, normal. Then searching examinations of all kinds were made in order to discover if any general physical disease existed which might explain the blindness. From all this there resulted nothing but voluminous reports, according to which the man should have seen, out of respect for the industry and learning which had been expended on him, if for no other reason. But in the face of everything he persisted that he could not see, and acted as blind men do, stumbled over obstacles, felt his way, was led about, did not go out alone, and did not even feed himself.

Sight being, after all, a subjective affair and so outside final proof, the question arose if the man were feigning. This hypothesis fell flat, as every circumstance which might make feigning profitable was absent in the case of this poor factory hand who had no insurance, who had sustained no injury, and who was entirely dependent on wages which stopped when he stopped work. Instead of helping him in any way, his infirmity jeopardized the welfare of his family, which consisted of a wife and three children. And besides that, all the various tests to detect feigned blindness failed in his case. As, then, there was no motive for the man to deceive us and no evidence that he was trying to do so, we were forced to the conclusion that he was deceiving himself, and that some mental state, individual to him, had rendered it impossible for him to put to any personal use the ocular impressions of the outside world. In October this hypothesis was demonstrated correct, after four days of mental analysis and after three months of continuous blindness. A wish was shown to be at the bottom of the loss of sight. There was, it seemed, a condition in his life that had created in him a deep but unrecognized conviction that it would be better for him not to see at all than to see that; that even blindness was preferable to looking at what he hated, which was his wife. This created a wish powerful enough to rob him of his vision; he realized the wish but he did not realize at first the far-reaching effect of it. When the dissection of his mind was completed and the results of it were spread out before him, his mind's eye took in the full situation. He appreciated then that unconscious wishing sometimes goes too far. For, as Doctor Ames, who made the analysis and who reported the case in full, said, "on realizing that his blindness was the expression of his desire not to see, and that by being blind he gratified the desire, the idea occurred to him that if all he wished was not to see her, he could find less inconvenient ways than by remaining blind."

And then he saw.

He had been the sport, to a superlative degree, of what may happen to any one when a wish so permeates the mind that this latter creates a reality out of what is little more than air. The man's wish was not to see, and it was strong enough to create for him the actual realized state of blindness, in the same way that a child astride a cane looks upon himself as a mounted warrior, or that some little man's desire to be great convinces him that he has actually arrived.

All are examples of wish-thinking or autistic thinking, a type of cognition in which the judgments are not subjected to critical comparison with demonstrable reality, but are accepted at the persuasive call of the thinker's inclinations. Behind

such judgments may generally be detected the instinctive idea of personal gratification or advantage, and the autistic qualities of judgment must be considered in any estimate of truth.

Those who treat truth as an undesirable abstraction, do with knowledge what the autistic mind does unconsciously, *i. e.*, they fabricate a situation for the purpose of gaining an end. The difference lies in the consciousness of the motive. The liar creates his situation with the intention of gaining his end by deceiving others; the end of the autistic thinker is not in such plain view and he often denies there is an end; for the end or purpose is bound up with organic propensities and need not be recognized in consciousness; together they conjure up realities too attractive to be disbelieved and too alluring to risk verifying, and are accepted at the outset, as the liar may accept finally as true what he once knew was lies. The point between truth and falsehood must remain fluid as long as we believe in the truth of our pretensions without making any effort to get warrants for them. The tendency is not the exclusive birthright of the inaccurate. Sonia Kovalewski, the famous Russian mathematician, was not able to ride nor to skate well, but she talked to every one as though she were accomplished in both sports. "She hoped that next time she could," her biographer explains.

In every human document, from the construction of an anthropomorphic idol to the plans of an invader, the wish appears as the near relative, if not the father, of the thought. It is recorded in myths and fairy-tales, and to-day, as Professor Bleuler says, we still live our fairy-tales, whether it be in the discriminating interest which selects the becoming necktie, or in the final flourish to a signature on the hotel register.

It is in our own times chiefly that the biological inevitableness of the personal element in reason has become evident and that its recognition has brought to light new methods of understanding the infinite varieties of character. As wish-thinking carried on uninterruptedly brings about a disorganization of the personality, it is not surprising that those who have to do with disordered personalities should have been the first to take up this subject in its scientific aspects. Up to the late eighties it had been supposed that there were many bodily functions that only physical causes could interfere with. But Charcot, in his studies on hysteria, enlarged the category of paralysis from idea, and went on to demonstrate that many of the deformed and contorted figures huddled for years in the Salpétrière were mental cripples only, curable by mental means. More recently the general study of the unconscious and the demonstrations by Freud of the mechanisms by means of which personal leanings, desires, wishes, create realities for the holders of them, have furnished a solution to many human riddles, inexplicable before.

In medicine it is daily being proved that some unconscious purposive thinking which the sick man does not know about may create a reality for him of blindness, deafness, paralysis, convulsions, or protracted pains which even simulate some operable disorder. The reality seems true or logical to the sick man and he acts on it. He is to be counted fortunate if the wise man called to cure him sees through the fantastic simulacrum of disease and recommends, instead of drugs or a surgical operation, an analysis of the personal reasons that have transported the deceiver, who is also self-deceived, into the land of unreality. The credit of the analytical method is largely due to Freud, and being a pioneer he has been bitterly attacked. But none can fail to cede to Freud the introduction into medicine of a much-needed method of causal psychology, which as a means to an understanding of human conduct is indispensable for the comprehension of disease.

The outlines of this subject were summed up in 1913 by Professor Bleuler, who then introduced into English the term "autistic thinking" as a contrast to "pure reason." He intended by this term to indicate the willing, the feeling, the personal element, all the subtleties of human nature which insinuate themselves into what we call reason, making it human, too, and defeating the object of the syllogism. For to think autistically is to let thoughts be smuggled past the censor of critical approval by our natural inclinations to turn toward what pleases us and away from what does not, so that our desires and

fears, without paying duty, get the stamp of intellectuality.

Such inclinations are inborn and unavoidable. Through the long course of evolution desires and fears have become imbedded in us as complicated psychophysical reactions, each with its own characteristics in the way of motor expression and of feeling, each strong determinants of those actions which carry thought with them. Their forerunners existed before thought. They can be traced back to the earliest beginnings, and upon them depended the evolution of the race. Every living organism was and still is required to obtain for itself certain things in order to live, and is confronted by things which may kill it. Its survival depended and depends on striving for one and avoiding the other. Life demands of every living thing that it overcome obstacles for its personal benefit and that it protect itself. And the struggle which is the one means of preserving existence must be the only means of transcending it. To meet vital necessities two separate springs of action arose, one assertive, which maintains life, and one defensive. Somewhere in the evolutionary scale feelings were added—yearning, elation, and pleasure to the one, and pain, depression, and fear to the other. Each also acquired highly characteristic motor expressions, those of desire being aggressive, such as jumping at, running to, showing the teeth, embracing; those of fear are defensive, such as jumping and running from, warding off, avoiding, flight. When these two springs of action fused into instincts, which are the innate tendencies to strive after some particular end, the ends of them became more evidently constructive; but a knowledge of purpose was not acquired until consciousness was enlarged by ideas, and these ideas became associated with the instincts in a relationship too intimate ever to be broken up. The physical stimulation of an instinct arouses thoughts as to the means of its gratification or else to its control—and, on the other hand, thinking about an instinct will arouse it.

In the deportment of the serene and thoughtful man it may be difficult to detect the basic factors of the instincts; but, even if they are not immediately apparent, they can generally be identified by the associations they have acquired. Many of our gestures are unrecognized survivals of reactions to ancient and forgotten fears. William James suggests that the common phobia of closed places is a reincarnation of the fear of being attacked. Wishes may account for many of our moods. Desire, as it carries with it the pleasure of performance, has the mood of anticipation and cheerfulness; fear, through the checking of performance, has acquired the mood of apprehension and doubt. In action, one turns to or rushes to, the other turns away from or flees. In thought, desire creates the attractive realities of optimism, while fear hastens, if it does not absolutely lead, the pessimist to his conclusions. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between these, and, from the philosophical point of view, they may be the positive and negative expression of the same thing. Desire to have carries the fear of losing, and fearing to lose implies desire. We are most solicitous about what we prize most. But biologically they are distinct.

Freud posits a wish behind every dream. But many dreams, while expressing wishes in their content, are really fear dreams, as the dream wish is only wished for the purpose of defeating the threatening thing which aroused the fear. During a period of investigation a financier dreamed that a certain person identified with an associate and personal friend called "X" was dead. Now, "X" was about to be called to testify, and he possessed information which, if others knew it, might result in the financier going to jail. "X" was the only one who knew. Would he tell? As dead men are the only human beings who can be relied on not to tell, the frightened financier dreamed that "X," the one man who might ruin him, was dead. In this sly way he wished him dead. But the wish had no occasion for existence except as danger prompted it, and while it appeared in the dream as a wish, fear created it, not desire.

Additional evidence as to the organic derivation and character of autistic thinking is furnished by the tendency of mental operations to revert, under certain circumstances, to more primitive types. The establishment of this tendency, to which Jung has given the name "regression," is

psychology's chief contribution to the theory of evolution. Primitive tendencies are individualistic. But with the establishment of family and community life, the individual was forced to curb some of his tendencies for the benefit of the group, a necessity later refined and idealized as altruism. The primitive individual tendencies are held in check by self-control, which is partly the product of our enlarging mentality and partly the result of habit forced on the individual by a life of mutual co-operative service. Self-control, being a recent acquisition, is lost easily, and when lost, the primitive tendencies may be counted on to reproduce, in thought and conduct, earlier phases of the race. At the time of great calamities, stampedes, terrors, primitive individualism thrusts itself forward in ugly form, especially when the terror is too sudden and unexpected to permit the person to get a grip on himself.

One of the survivors of the *Titanic*, a young, unmarried, and lovely woman, even after she was safely in the lifeboat was still trembling with terror at her own personal danger. She then saw the great vessel, stern high in the air, begin to settle, and the lights along its side extinguished one by one as they glided into the water. As in a dream, she saw frenzied people massed at the unsubmerged stern, and she heard their shrieks until the sea silenced them. But this made no painful impression on her then or afterward, she said; she felt neither pity nor horror—she felt nothing but joy and gratitude at her own rescue. The terrific shock did away for the time with all human qualities, leaving her with the one emotion of satisfaction over the victory in her personal struggle for existence. At the sudden, unexpected threat of death the primitive wish to live had left no room in consciousness for sympathy, pity, or distress for others, which are later evolutionary acquirements and so less fundamental traits of character. She had but one reality and it was that of her own personal desire for life. It was "as in a dream" that she looked at the sinking steamer.

Similar examples of regression, recognizable as an unconscious egotism, are furnished throughout the period of developing mentality, "that age without pity," and reappear again in the degenerative changes of senility. They appear as primitive expressions in any state which impairs or limits the supremacy of the critical intellectual faculties. They are regressions in that they are mental "throwbacks," in that they call to life again its earlier phases of both racial and individual development when thought was all autistic and before the mind had acquired the ability to test reality by the facts. Indeed, it would seem that a measure of man's intellectual progress is his mastery over his natural tendency to think autistically, and it may well be that to fix the balance between the criticised and the wished-for or the feared, in the representative life of an individual, is the surest means of gauging his personality. In attempting this, it must not be forgotten that desires and fears often appear in action as their direct opposites, that they are in normal life often masked, and that the direction of desire is always toward personal gratification or advantage, actual or ideal. Desire is the more common and the more evident; but fear also creates beliefs, as in the prisoner denounced by Daniel Webster, "who thinks the whole world sees the guilty secret in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears it in the very silence of his thoughts."

The delusions of the insane are marked repressions in that they constitute the most striking contrast between phantasy and facts and are the most typical examples of autistic thinking. It has never been possible to define insanity, but any definition must be considered in relation to reality, for the essence of sanity is the ability to adapt beliefs to facts on all subjects where adequate facts exist. An insane delusion abolishes more or less completely that ability. The cripple walks on legs that have been paralyzed for years; the pauper, with trembling fingers, counts his millions or sketches on stray bits of paper the chateaux he has dreamed of; some shrivelled waif believes that a queen or an heiress is in love with him. In the delusions of grandeur the phantasy contrasts so grotesquely with the facts that it seems almost a beneficent compensation which permits some wretched, wasted figure to turn wishes into horses and to

believe himself whatever it is that he would like to be. In insane delusions, the gulf between the autistic and the logical conclusion is so wide that the phantasy is immediately evident to every one.

Such discrepancies are not limited to the mental peculiarities which exclude from social intercourse. In many cases of mere nervous illness the contrast is almost as great. But in these the wishful nature of the conclusion is so deeply imbedded in the personality that it escapes recognition, and the illness, which is really the fiction of an organic purpose to create an asset, passes in the world as true. Many neurotic people, physically robust, express their individuality by assuming an incapacity which secures for them the sympathy and help they desire and which they might fail to get by direct means. Through the solicitude and co-operation of some fond relative, by blood but oftener by marriage, they create a gilded unreality of invalidism which obtains the result it set out for. On the death or disillusionment of the hitherto unsuspecting confederate the patients are forced back to reality by neglect, take up their beds and walk again, to the amazement of their friends.

Often the purpose reveals itself in more dramatic ways. A hopeless domestic situation paralyzed a woman's legs. She was paralyzed for life, everybody thought. But "she just couldn't walk up to it," she said finally. She had unconsciously created a physical expression for her feeling of inadequacy and for her wish that others should realize the position she was in. It was the cry for help, although for some time unrecognized as such. Convulsions in a precocious girl proved to be her way of expressing that she had arrived at maturity, although they had long passed as epileptic and had debarred her from the schools.

It is difficult to determine how deeply the idea of personal benefit is hidden from the individual in such cases—whether or not he has some glimmering of what his true self wants. It is probably more deeply hidden than is the headache of the boy on the morning he dare not go to school, or than can be believed by the railway claim agent who sees an injured passenger, badly crippled before the verdict, begin to walk soon after it. In litigated cases the purpose is as evident as the point at issue. But in private life it is a much more personal affair, sacred, and secretly interwoven with the intimate mental life that one dreads to speak of, often dreads to think of, and even may not know.

The fantastic unreality of the creation of autistic thought, even when carried to an extreme, is often difficult to recognize, but there is, nevertheless, something about the personality of those given over to it which distinguishes them from matter-of-fact personalities—the inconsistencies in the presentation may escape attention, but the mystic attitude of the individual is unmistakable. He has an air of mild detachment, of mystery, a self-satisfied reserve which makes him somewhat inaccessible in intercourse. Any one who has had a friend or relative go insane will recall that before the final smash, sometimes weeks or months before, a strange aloofness, an indefinite estrangement, something new and still intangible, weakened the relationship. When the truth came out it was easy, on looking back and putting together stray actions here and there, to see that the sick man was withdrawing into the web of his creative fancies. Autistic thinking has that tendency—to withdraw the thinker from the world of facts and to isolate him from the companionship of those who do not see all the realities that he does.

In many emotionalized experiences, in many creeds, and particularly in cults like Christian Science, in which autistic thinking becomes an imposed faith as well as an effective method of therapeutics, converts find a more acceptable companionship with their emotional cothinkers than with their former friends. In the absorption of the day-dreamer, as in the selfishness of the fictitious invalid, one sees the isolating attributes of egotism which are fatal to constructive friendship.

Like everything connected with personal welfare, autistic thoughts are highly emotionalized, and it is their emotional quality which vitalizes the conviction that what they create is true. This latter, in its power to convince of a reality devoid of proof or for which all proof that might destroy it is brushed aside, indicates the balance at the time between

the feelings and the intellect. It gives to bias its fieriness, for under the prompting of interests, arguments which might jeopardize them are minimized or rejected altogether. A man can hardly be expected to stop for reasons when the question involves the reputation of his wife.

The emotional reaction is particularly intense when a beloved conviction is attacked, or when the idea arises that it needs to be defended. It is hazardous to oppose the delusions of the paranoiac, and hardly less hazardous to remark on the behavior of a badly brought-up child in the presence of a fond progenitor. The very frailty of an autistically created conviction demands for its existence a readiness in defense of it—it must have a strong emotional backing—and few emotions are stronger than those connected with defense. To arouse the full warlike spirit of a nation, it is imperative that this idea of defense be wide-spread; and so in every well-conducted war each belligerent is led to the belief that he is fighting to save his home. If the final discernment of reality ever comes, as it sometimes does, it is apt to cause a profound shock to the individual. Hugh Miller, when he realized that geology contradicted Genesis, committed suicide.

There is never a sharp line of demarcation between the normal and the pathological. There are easily recognizable extremes, but between them uncertainty prevails, as there is no standard of normality. Even such criteria of reality as are fixed by the conceptions of the times, and which insure a certain precision in practical affairs, are changing constantly. What was half folly yesterday may be demonstrated to-day as fact; and facts accepted as final may soon require readjustment in the light of new discovery. The standard must be regarded in relation to the times and also to the individual. What might be phantasy in one is in another a justifiable ideal. We smile superiorly at the boasts of youth; but as we look back we find nothing humorous in Bacon's statement that he was born to revitalize the world of scientific thought.

But it is certain that the more one flies in the face of facts the nearer one approaches the pathological. There are never facts enough to cover every point, and no subjects on which the facts are adequate enough to leave no gaps. Into these gaps settles the personality of whoever forms an opinion about them. Criticism aims to be impartial. But it cannot be entirely so, for the opinions gravely emitted by the critic are also his confession—for there has been left room for choice and the critic's choice reveals those phantasies of his which are the product of his constitution and his experience. Such phantasies need not contradict the facts—by filling in the background they may well insure the attraction of variety.

The establishment of facts limits and directs autistic thinking. What must be delusion now, need not have been so in the past. To believe in demons was once reasonable enough, but ceased to be so when it became known that his own fears and wishes are the "demons" which threaten and cajole the one possessed.

And for so many subjects no positive facts exist at all! There is nothing in our life here to check up our idealized desires for the future life. It is the same with many of our ideals. These appear as intellectual products, but they really spring from our organic natures whence are derived the impulses to struggle, to reach out, to climb. They are autistic points of view and fluctuate with age and time. The earliest ones of childhood are the expression of the consciousness of weakness, before fear has subsided, and imply submission. Thus children first idealize goodness, kindness, qualities which attract friends rather than enemies. Later, with fears quieted by experience, they idealize patriotism and leadership—*i. e.*, desire, freed from fear, has come to express itself more aggressively. In heroic natures the organic pleasure of striving is intensified by an idealism which esteems self-expression above failure or even death, as Cyrano said in his famous line: "C'est beaucoup plus beau lorsqu'il est inutile."

Idealism, fancy, imagination, poetry, all sprung from the phantasies of autistic thinking, give life its charm, and contain the hope of its expansion. But they become most effective when they co-operate with demonstrable truth. Ideals should surpass the immediately attainable—but they are futile when they aim at the impossible. It is wholesome to believe in

human nature—but to optimistically expect of it a perfection it cannot give ends nowhere. It is generally believed that the records of a man's life are in direct proportion to the loftiness of his ideals; but it may well be questioned if idealism limited to the ultimately attainable will not show a greater sum of good. Certain it is that many people are rendered desperately unhappy at finding how far short they (and others too!) come of realizing the impossible ideals they set themselves. When they compare the wished-for with the actual they lose their zest for life and give up striving or choose some other course of life, not by reason of fitness, but because they hope thereby to atone for failures. A large number of the students in divinity schools are where they are for some such reason; and during every war idealists flock to recruiting offices in the hope of being sent somewhere where they will be shot.

In all practical affairs it is important to see things as they are and to restrict autistic and unattainable ideals. To say that we blindly believe in peace is another way of saying that we love the undisturbed enjoyment of our goods or of our means of getting them. As a belief it seems an autistic phantasy of the well-to-do and justified neither by experience nor theoretical considerations. If we were starving we might not be so keen about it. Ideals are wishful and hypothetical; to become effective guides they must be regulated by comparison and probability. As such, they point a way which the critical, discriminating faculties make practical for travel.

It is sometimes said that the mind as an instrument of thought has made no advance since the days of Plato. From the point of view of autistic thinking it may well be questioned if this be true. It would be profitless to compare great isolated intellects—to guess in how far Pasteur's genius equalled that of Aristotle. The question is whether the mind as a creative force does not acquire a higher efficiency and grasp with the increase in knowledge.

In ancient and mediæval days there were many subjects, which science and discovery have since illuminated, in which there were no facts by which reality could be tested; this was partly due to creeds and superstition, which forbade investigation; partly due to the absence of scientific methods, for among the sciences connected with nature the ancients had developed geometry alone to a complete and general form. One result was that, outside of every-day experience, there was little to check the pilotless excursions of autistic thought; another was that, data failing, the exercise of the highest criticism was impossible. "The Critique of Pure Reason" could not have been written in the groves of Greece.

Every fact established, every criterion of reality or even of possibility, limits lawlessness of thought in that direction; and by doing that it gives a greater concentrated energy to the imagination which creates. It would seem that each step thus taken toward increase in efficiency of the mind becomes a step toward the realization of its highest ideals and toward the justification of a higher standard of ideals.

·THE POINT OF VIEW·

IT runs back and forth between a disused marble quarry and the local metropolis, six miles away. Time was when the quarry was in full swing, and when the train bore a certain important relation to the great world beyond the hills. Then it behaved itself rather grandly, with something of the impersonal air common to railroads. Consisting sometimes of as many as four or five cars, laden with huge white blocks, it took its way noisily and consequentially over its uneven rails. But now that the quarry has gone to sleep and the train serves only to hold the charter and, incidentally, to convey farmer folk to town and back, it has softened into quite the most human and charming institution in the world.

The Quarry Train

The very look of it is delightful. Its engine belongs to an ancient vintage, with a high and wide smokestack; and its one car is furnished with lateral seats which face each other sociably. It is generally very dingy, though now and then the engineer and the conductor put in their time between runs by painting it. Then, for a week or so, a mottled apparition travels back and forth, adding to the gayety of the valley. Bright pink is, on the whole, the favorite color.

It has a regular schedule, and even so far conforms to the tradition of its class as to "make connections" with the Rutland Railroad. But the connections are never "close." Plenty of time is allowed for the cultivation of a leisurely and accommodating spirit. If it knows that its passengers are on the way, it will wait for them as long as possible. I remember once making one of a group of travellers who were unexpectedly interviewed by "Charley," the conductor. "Say, are any of you people goin' to take the northbound train?" In some perplexity we shook our heads. "Well, then, I guess we'll wait a little longer. Joel Barlow's just sent word that his wife is comin'."

Friendliness is the key-note of the quarry train's philosophy. The first thing to do on boarding it is to greet the conductor and the passengers. Part of the interest of the trip lies in the uncertainty as to who the latter may prove to be; and when the traveller returns his family is sure to ask him: "Who did you go over with?" It is no sort of place for the meditation which some railroad trips induce; nor is it a place for taking private counsel with one's shopping companion for the day. If one is incautious enough to remark, "I think I'll try a pair of those shoes which were advertised in *The Journal*," one must expect that Charley will interrupt with "I've got a pair, and I like them first-rate." If, on the way back, one suddenly remembers that one has forgotten some important errand and utters a subdued exclamation to that effect, the whole car breaks forth into sympathy, and Charley looks regretfully, half-guiltily anxious, as if he deplored his failure to order the engine reversed on the spot.

I believe he would do so, if properly urged. There are seemingly no limits to the patience with which he delays committing his train to departure on its last return trip for the day. Always he waits for the arrival of the Montreal "flier"—frequently belated. Then he waits until any possible connecting passenger has had time to go around by the grocery store and do some marketing. After that he considers the probable fate of a passenger who came over with him in the morning and has not yet put in an appearance for return. He inquires of passing vehicles if such a one has been seen getting a lift home in any wagon or automobile. (For my part, I cannot understand the lack of consideration which allows a passenger, having a return ticket on the quarry train, to accept a carriage ride home without notifying Charley.) At last, perhaps urged by some one of the assembled passengers, he nods to the engineer, leaning sociably out of his cab window and catching scraps of the general conversation; and, with a great puffing and ringing of its bell, the engine gets under way.

But even then the necessity for thoughtful circumspection is not over. The train makes but three official stops between its terminal stations, but it is liable to be solicited anywhere. It is almost too obliging. Walking beside it one day, in the course of a long ramble, I had all I could do to prevent it

HV2330
B BAILEY PEARCE M.D.
THE WISHFUL SELF.

Date Due			